

FANTASTIC TOY COMPETITION INSIDE!

MARVEL®
18th May 91

THE REAL

NO153 55p

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GH**OST**BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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We're riding along on the crest of a wave in this week's fantastic **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic – well, Peter is anyway. A wicked wizard has taken up residence in the Statue of Liberty and conjured up great oceans of goo in the form of a tidal wave, in order to swamp New York. Peter's surfing skills come in handy in **Slime Wave!**

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the ugliest of them all? It's pretty difficult to choose between The Real Ghostbusters even under normal circumstances, but the guys aren't exactly showing their best sides in this week's **Winston's Diary!** Next in line in the Hunk of the Year Contest is the marshy monster from part three of **Doom In The Dumps!** The motto for this sludgy tale must surely be: 'Please dispose of rubbish carefully'!

There's also a brilliant Batman competition for you to enter in which you could win an incredible Batman toy!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

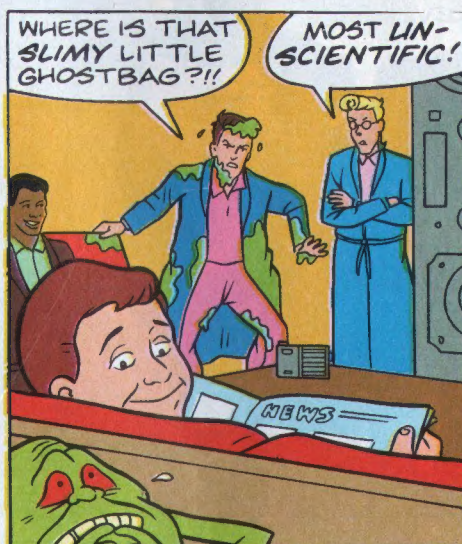
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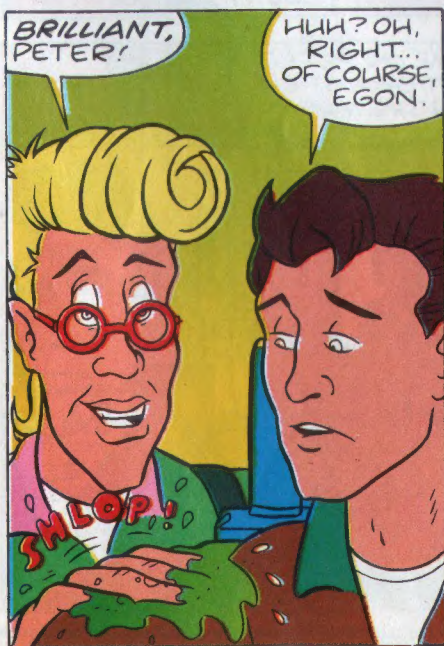
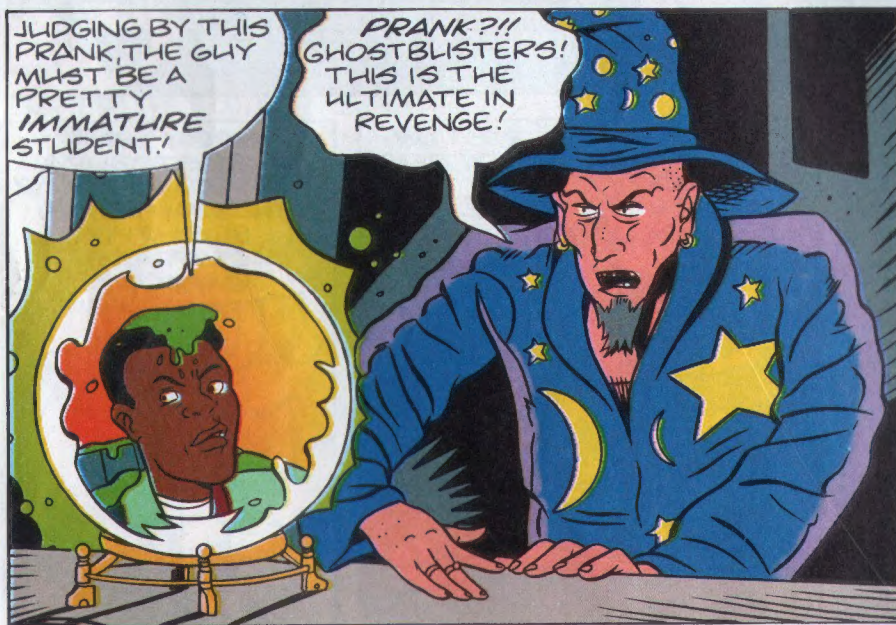
40 Fiendish Feet Beach Packs to be won! Don't you dare miss it!



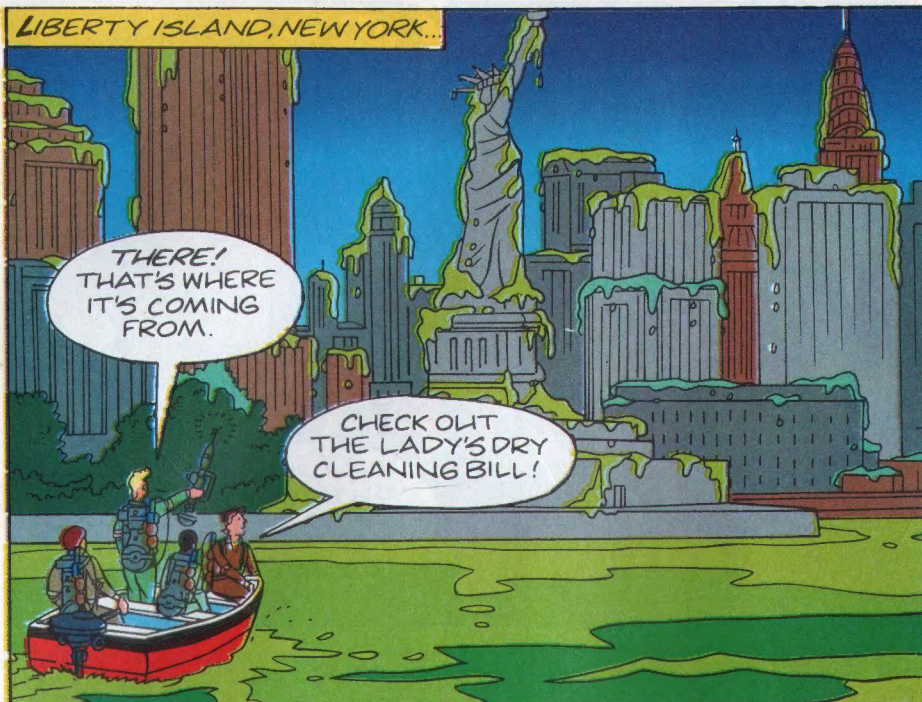
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

SLIME WAVE





LIBERTY ISLAND, NEW YORK...



THERE!
THAT'S WHERE
IT'S COMING
FROM.

CHECK OUT
THE LADY'S DRY
CLEANING BILL!



YO'LD BETTER
CHECK THE WEATHER
FORECASTS, TOO,
CREEPS!!



SAVE YOUR
FIRE, PETER!
HE'S OUT OF
RANGE!!

WELL, LET'S
GET THAT
SLIMEBALL
INTO RANGE
THEN!

ZIKK

INSIDE THE STATUE...



WHOOA!

WHAT?!
HEEEY!!

SLHIP!!



THIS PROCEDURE IS
SUPERFLUOUS DUE
TO THE HIGH VISCOSITY
OF THE PREDOMINANT
RESIDUE.

TOO
SLIPPERY,
RIGHT?



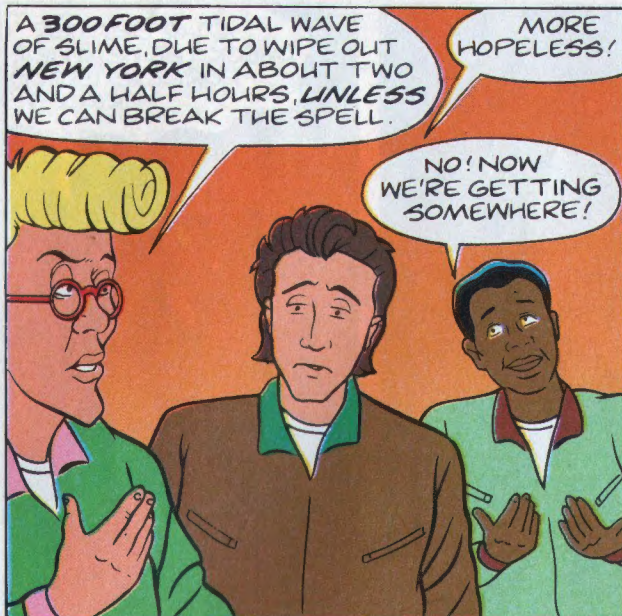
HEY, I KNOW!
WHAT ABOUT
ECTO-II!

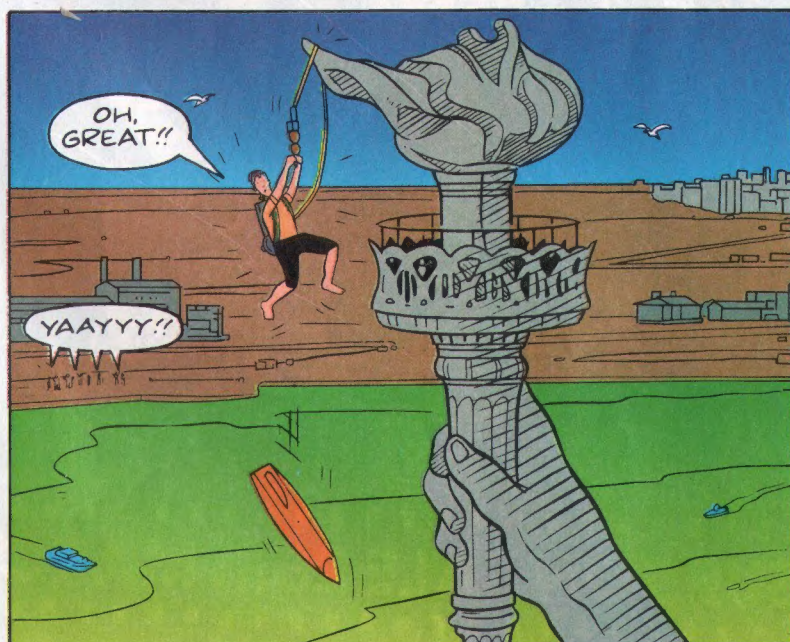
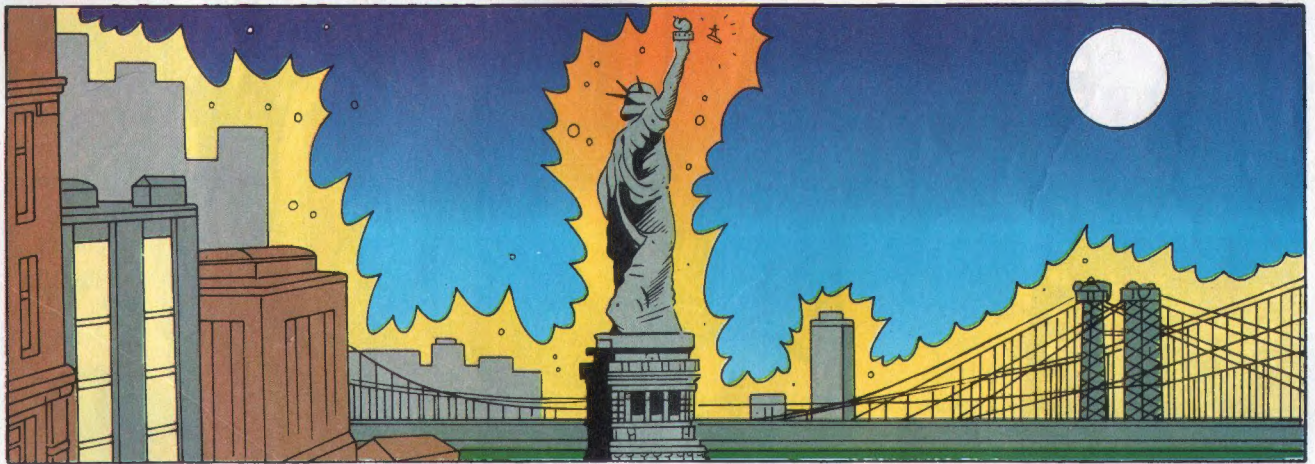
A SHORT TRIP LATER...



NICE TRY,
RAY, BUT IT'S
HOPELESS!

"CHECK THE WEATHER
FORECASTS, CREEPS," HE
SAID. NOW WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE THAT WAS
ALL ABOUT?





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MARVEL
NO 5
APRIL/MAY

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WITH
PUZZLES!



THE **REAL**
GHOSTBUSTERS

More Maps



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE 28th MARCH

S P E N G L E R ' S

S P I R I T

G U I D E

It is a sad but well-observed fact that hospitals and other places of healing are often over endowed with ghosts. Here are a few key case histories:

In Nurbury County General, there's the ghost of a poor departed nurse which manifests as a collection of bedpans which hover around the ward at three minutes past ten each night, followed by the ghost of deceased patient Askew Winnards who floats after her crying 'Oy! I hadn't finished!'

Doctor Caseman was a surgeon at Blenkinsop Casualty Hospital for some years during the first half of this century. He was so notoriously late for surgery it is said that he missed his own time of death by seventeen minutes. The spectre of Doctor Caseman is said to walk the length of Ward Three each evening at nine-fifty, but it's more likely to be five past ten by the time he shows up.

At the St. Wayne of Assissi Nose, Throat and Bank Balance Hospital in Wandsworth Heath, the ninth ward is said to be the haunting ground for the ghost of one Doctor Widdlekin, a trainee probationer just out of medical school, who appears around the time of afternoon inspection wandering down between the beds with a puzzled look on



P A R T 1 5 3

his face muttering 'If this is my thermometer, where's my biro?'

In The Massamesey State Hospital, there are the ghosts of three orderlies who stage phantom trolley races around the wards at two every morning. Apparently propelled by no outside force, three hospital trolleys start to move around the wards at a furious rate, crashing through curtains, knocking over vases of flowers and waking up patients before slamming into the abandoned lift shaft in the west wing and plunging three floors to destruction, just as the orderlies, it is rumoured must have done themselves years before.

When Jessie Scott was admitted to the St. Clarence on the Make Hospital for Tropical Diseases and Other Spot-Related Problems, he little expected to be witness to a paranormal happening. All he was suffering from was an ingrowing toe nail, and had come to St. Clarence's as there wasn't a bed free at St. Ation the Station County Hospital down the road. In the middle of the night, he was woken by the shock of a cold stethoscope against his nose and a voice in his ear that said 'Say Ahhhhh!' There was no one at his bedside, and so, unfortunately, Jessie said 'EEEEIIIIIAAAAKKKKKKK!' The ghost was said to be that of one Doctor Son-derby, who's handwriting was so bad he once picked up a cheque and said 'What does that say?'

Lewis Cruthers has probably the most terrifying story about ghosts in hospitals, but seeing as he has been dumb from shock since 1968, it's hardly worth asking him.

Lenny Propple says he saw a ghost in the Lincoln Community Hospital during a stay there in 1986 for a gall stone operation. However, it should be noted that Mr Propple has already claimed to be Napoleon, Sting and Norma Major and therefore his statement is probably unreliable.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Thursday, 9th May 1991

I remember, when I was a kid, telling my sister that if she ever found a magic mirror and asked it vainly 'Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?' it would give her the name and address of somebody in Cleveland she'd never heard of. Shows what I know. My sister (who is still, surprisingly, on speaking terms with me) grew up to be a very pretty girl, and won a beauty pageant in Jenkintown last fall.

Still, I think there was a lesson in my cruel remark. Two lessons, in fact. The first is to never say that sort of thing to a sister who is holding a plate of Mocha Mud Pie. The second, and more important (though not at the time of the remark as far as my shirt front went) is that you should never trust mirrors to tell you the truth.

Personally speaking, I didn't learn the lesson myself until yesterday, which explains why I'm mentioning the whole thing now. I learned the hard way during a bust down at Lobby's Arcade down in Asbury Park. Here's how . . .

Lobby runs a kind of mini fun fair down there, a sort of seedy arrangement of rifle ranges, coconut shys and incoherent speak-your-weight machines. He's got a hall of mirrors too, you know the sort of thing, fitted with crazy, distorting glass that makes you look like you swallowed a paddling pool or you come from a long line of human ostriches.

Last week, Lobby told the four of us, when we arrived in answer to his urgent call, that some of the mirrors had got broken. It was a long story, he explained, involving a runaway alsatian, a lady walking her seven poodles, a boy on a BMX and two workmen with a nine foot ladder. We didn't press him. The upshot was that he needed replacements, and managed to pick some up cheap from a clearance sale that was selling off the stock of an old circus that had gone bust. Von Danzig's was the name of the circus. It had been popular for many years in the Mid-West, but hard times had forced it to close and now they were selling off the material assets. Lobby couldn't have

been more pleased, as he said the mirrors sure distorted people in funny ways and would soon have the crowds flocking in. Lobby couldn't have been more displeased when the crowds started flocking out screaming and gibbering.

'Take a look,' he invited us. Cautiously, we entered the Hall of Mirrors.

It was about then the worst part of it all started to happen. Peter began to giggle. Ray nudged him, but he kept on sniggering regardless. 'Look at you . . . gnk gnk gnk. Look at you, Ray. Gnknk! You look like a gorilla with a lilo up your jumper in that one. Snort gnknk gnknk. Your arms are nearly touching the floor.'

'Please, Peter,' said Egon, sternly, 'we would appreciate a little seriousness in this. We could be in a pretty dangerous situation here. Your laughs are really rather out of place.'

'Okay, okay . . .' Peter said, struggling to regain his composure. ' . . . whatever you say, *Mr Stringy Legs!* Gnknk gnknk gnknk whup whup whup blaaaah!'

I faced the quivering Peter and fixed him with the stare I normally reserve only for those who haven't done the washing up. 'Pull yourself together, Venkman!' I snapped. 'It just had to be you that finds this kind of juvenile entertainment funny. Just smarten up and get on with it. Okay?'

Peter looked at me, silently, his face stretched to almost breaking point by a suppressed laugh. I watched as he tried to keep it in. He failed.

This third laugh was undoubtedly reserved for my reflection, but I never really managed to get out of Peter what it was that was so funny about it. All I could catch were a few choked-up words through the uncontrollable titters, words like 'beachball' and 'tagliatelli' and 'mop'. And 'gnk', of course.

'Leave him be,' Egon instructed. 'We'll manage without him.'

'Okay,' I said.

'Gnk,' said Peter.

'Over here . . .' said Ray, calling to us from the side of one of the mirrors. He was peering at the frame carefully, and his reflection, a Ray that had been ironed

out flat, inflated and pulled out like a plaited loaf, peered back at him. It did look quite funny, I had to admit.

'Don't admit anything,' warned Egon. 'We don't want two idiots going 'gnk around here.'

'Right-ho,' I said, pulling on my straight face, and joining Egon and Ray at the mirror edge. Behind us, Peter sank to the floor and made 'whup whup' noises to himself.

'Interesting . . .' mused Egon.

'Yes it is,' said Ray, pulling away the frame a little so we could see the edge of the glass. 'Strook's Ecto-prism, wouldn't you say?'

'Looks very much like it,' said Egon and noticing the completely confused expression on my face, he explained. 'Strooks was a master warlock of the nineteenth century, who perfected a type of demonic glass that would distort the world outside to hideous effect. It was believed until recently that all examples of his mirror craft had been rounded up and locked away in a darkened vault in the Miskatonic University with a sign on the door saying 'This Is Not A Washroom'

'How recently?' I wanted to know.

'Until about two minutes ago,' Egon said, matter-of-factly.

'What do these ecto-prisms do, exactly?' I ventured.

Egon was about to explain when the mirror did the job for him. The ghastly reflection of Ray suddenly reached out a misshapen arm from the glass and grabbed Ray by the collar.

Smack! went Ray against the mirror, his face pressed against the glass, unable to move.

'Whoa' I said.

'Oh dear,' said Egon.

'Gnk,' said Peter.

'Hkkkkkkrrrrgggghhhhhhhh!' snarled distorted versions of myself and Egon, stepping floppily out of the frames of other mirrors and wobbling across the floor towards us.

'Open fire!' ordered Egon, and he and I did.

'I'd like to . . .' added Ray above the roar

of the blast, but he was pinned fast by his own horrid reflection. In horror we saw our proton beams bouncing off the approaching monsters.



'It's not working!' I yelled. 'It's reflecting!'

'Indeed,' said Egon.

'What do you expect?' asked Ray in a choked kind of way. 'They are reflections after all.'

Egon and I were about to do the time honoured act of backing away in helpless terror from the loathsome apparitions that lumbered towards us when there was a flash and an explosion and the mirrors disintegrated in a shower of lightning and falling glass. The demon reflections wobbled, fractured and vanished. Ray, freed, fell to the floor.

We looked round at Peter who sat on the floor holding a smoking Proton Gun.

'Fast thinking, Peter,' said Egon, congratulating him. 'The demons source of power was, of course, the mirror.'

'Whup,' replied Peter.

About then, Lobby came in. 'Is that all it took?' he asked. 'I could've done that myself and saved a hundred bucks.'

'Gnk,' said Peter.

There's the lesson then. Mirrors may not lie, but they sure as jiminy bend the truth a little. I must tell my sister.

THE TREE SPIRIT

Barrack Homes were proud of their policy to use only natural timber in their apartments, however the trouble was that it was at the expense of trees in the South American Rain Forest! From the city landscape sprang life of a different variety. As the wood within the concrete jungle reverted 'back to nature', Barrack Homes reverted to panic!

The Real Ghostbusters were called upon to combat the flower-power, and discovered that an unusual build-up of plant energy had caused a haunted 'green' jungle. They decided to 'dig

deep' into the matter and traced a true Tree Spirit. She explained that she had 'branched out' through the concrete to protest about the numerous nymphs who were now 'treeless!' The Ghostbusters team realised they had a real battle to confront – with their conscience!

However, Egon 'unearthed' a solution by reversing the particle flow, thus trapping the Tree Spirit in her original form – a seed which took up no house room at all! Wood-n't you know it, this was one case that Egon had really got to the 'root' of!



THEY'RE HERE!!



HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
ON SALE
2nd MAY
FROM
MARVEL

THE

MONSTER

IN MY POCKET™

GANG!

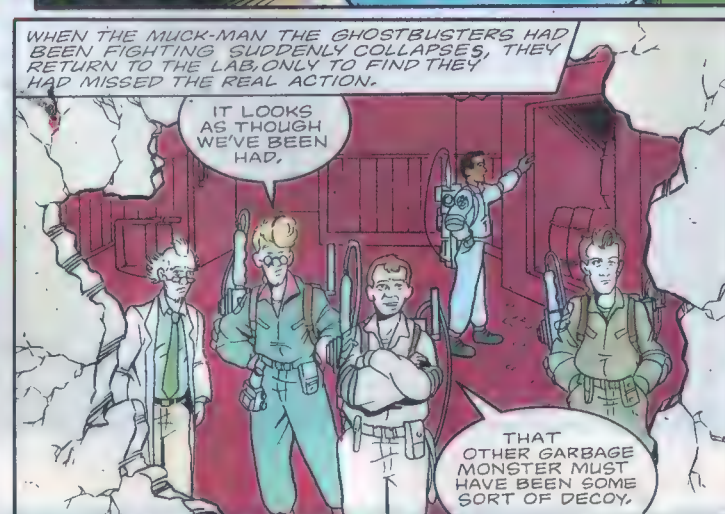
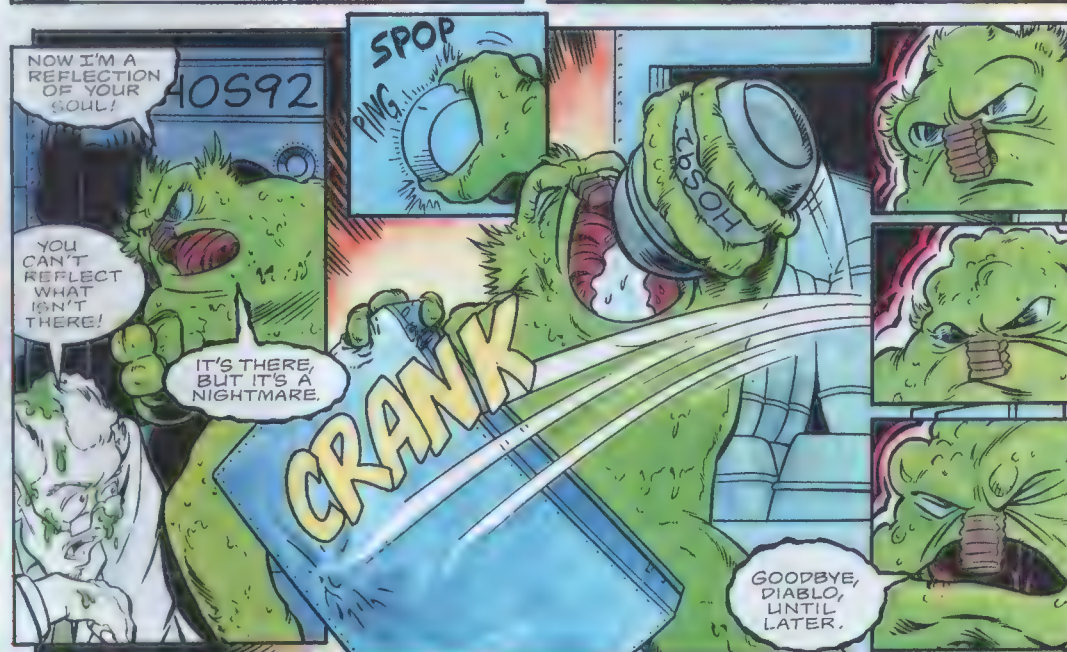
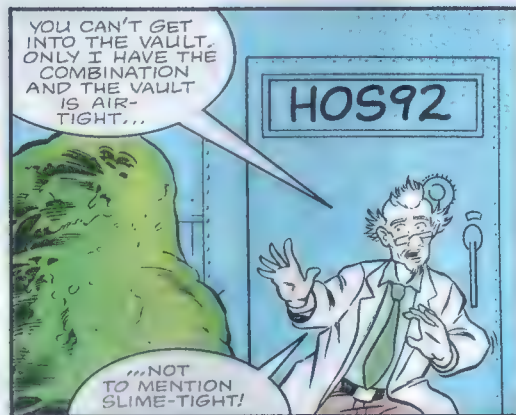
THEY'RE NEW...THEY'RE AWESOME...THEY'RE SQUISHY...
AND THEY'RE ONE INCH TALL...AND WHAT'S MORE,
THERE'S DOZENS OF THEM!

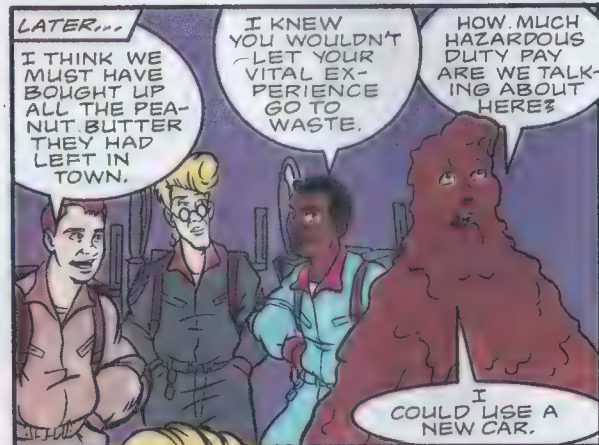
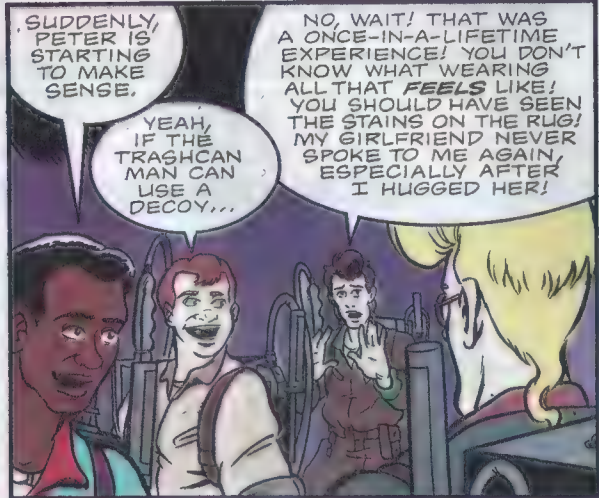
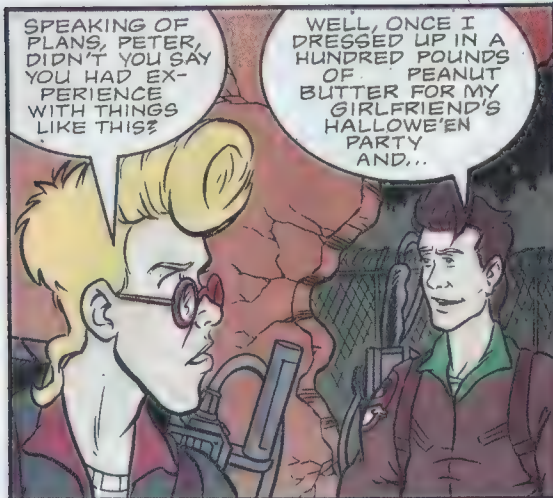
WILL THEY SAVE HUMANITY, OR DESTROY IT?

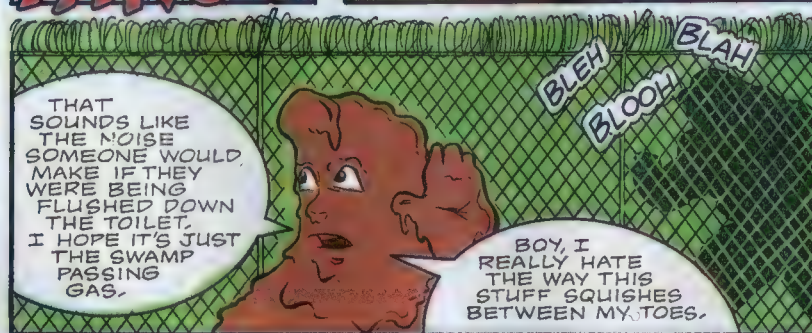
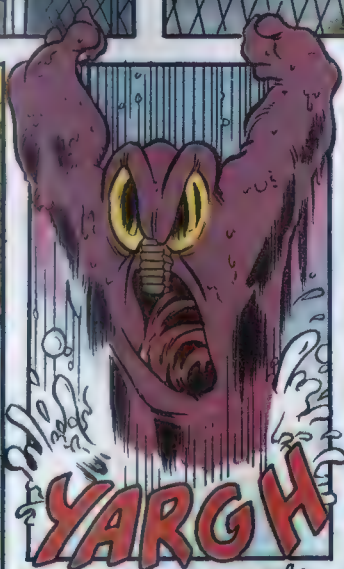
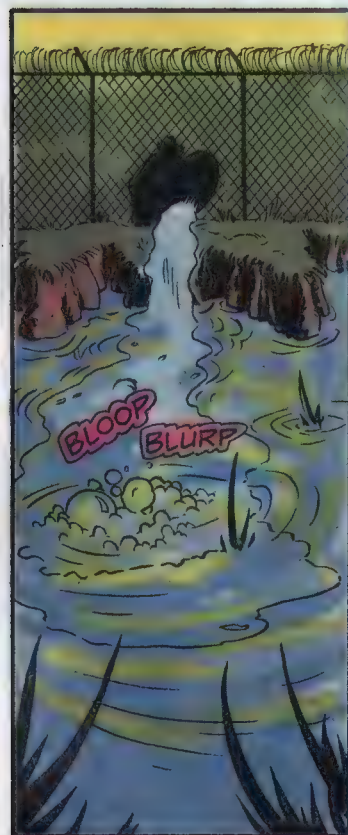
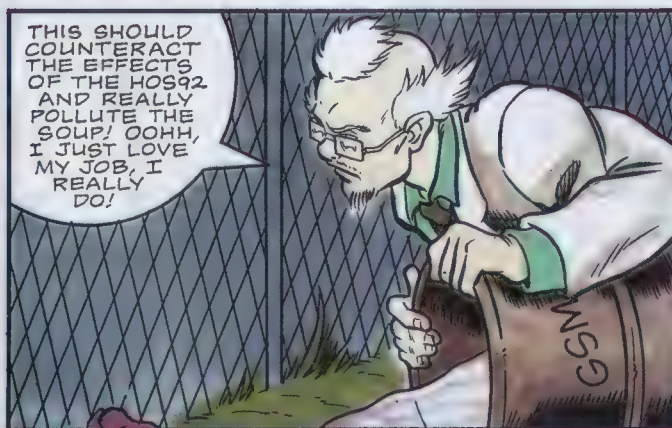
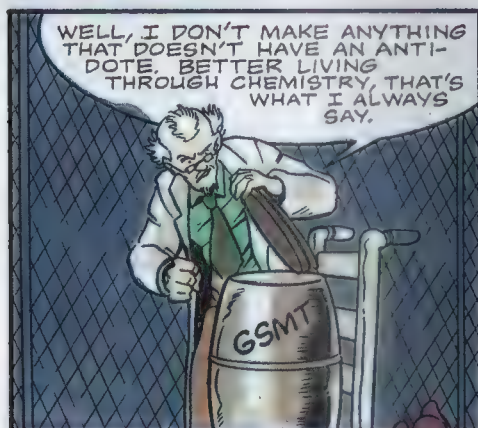
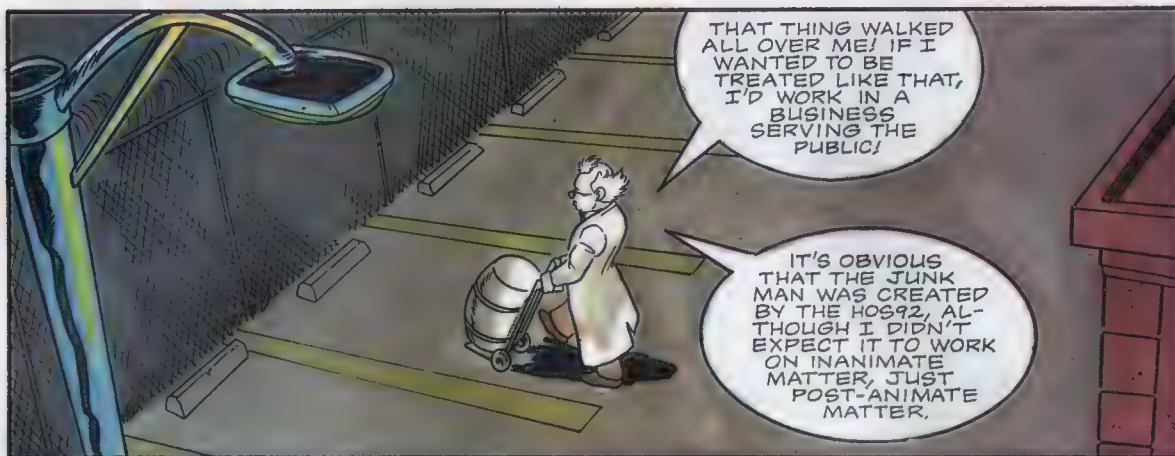
YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: The swamp monster created by the Choate Chemical Company has returned to terrorise Doctor Diablo...









DON'T WORRY,
PETER, WE'RE
BEHIND
YOU!

YEAH,
BUT LOOK WHAT'S
IN FRONT OF ME.

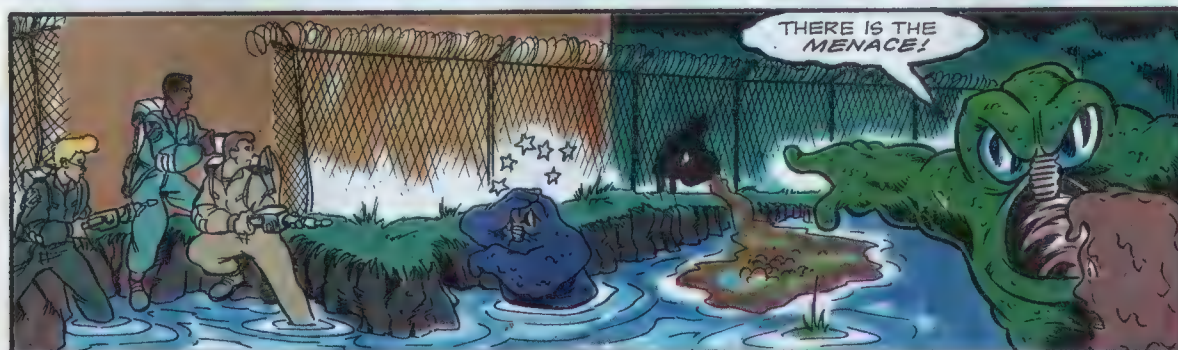
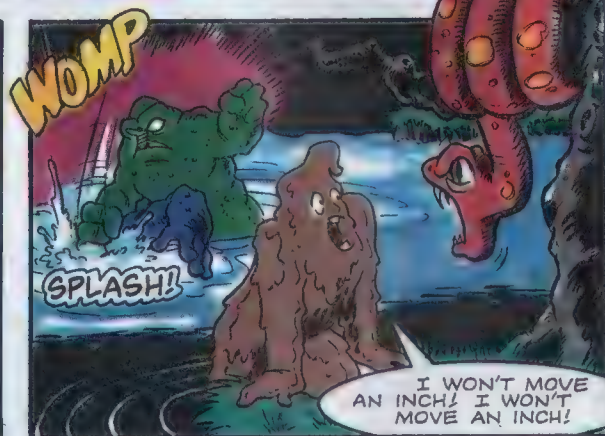
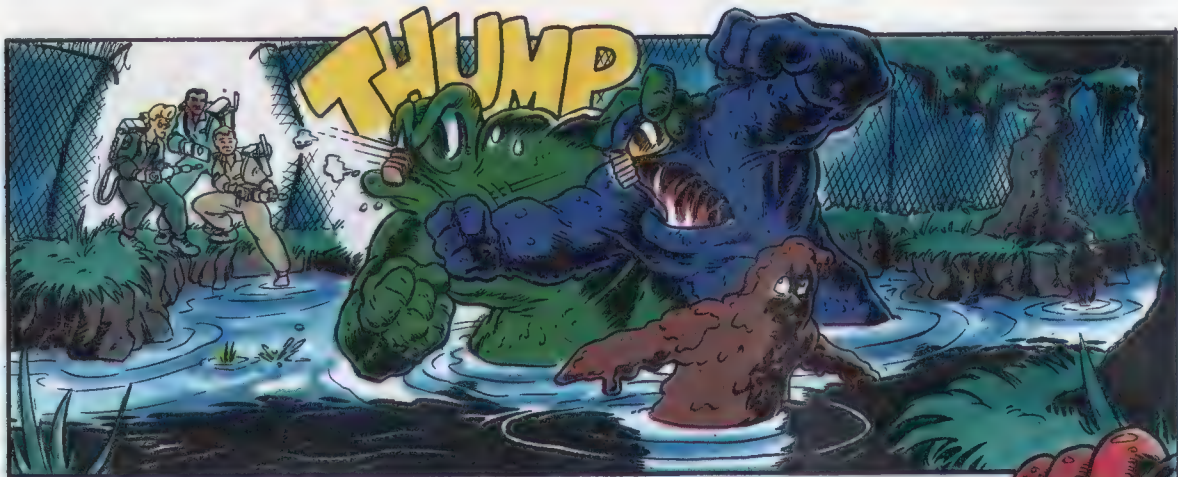
GUYS!
HELP! THIS
PLAN IS WORKING
TOO GOOD!

NOOOO! IT
THINKS I'M ITS
MATE! I'M NOT
READY TO HAVE
MUD PUPPIES!

ANOTHER
ONE!

FUMP

WOW!
THEY'RE
ACTUALLY FIGHTING
OVER ME! I HOPE
THEY BOTH LOSE!



GOTHAM CITY NEWS™



BATMAN™ IS BACK!

**IT'S
OFFICIAL**

FIRST PRIZES:

**10 Batcopters™ to be won.
PLUS – 75 Runner up prizes of
Tec Shield Batman action
figures from Kenner.®**

As Batman races towards Gotham City Hall in his Batcopter,™ he can see the flames beginning to take hold of the top floor. There are eight people on the roof. Will Batman beat the flames and save them? He prepares for action by stepping into his Tec Shield suit, which will protect him from the intense heat.

Arriving in seconds, the nose cone of the Batcopter blasts off, lowering him onto the roof. The citizens of Gotham City are saved! Batman then sees that master criminal The Joker™ on the roof.

Skilfully Batman guides the Batcopter over The Joker and catches him in its spinning wristlock. Batman carries The Joker off and then drops him into the sea.

**That should wipe the smile off
his face!!**

Why don't you create the most exciting Batman action ever

just like the adventure you've just read with the new Kenner Batman toys.

Now is your chance to win an exciting Kenner Batman toy in this easy to enter competition.

Simply answer the three questions below based on the action adventure story and complete the tie breaker in the most apt and original way.

1) How many citizens of Gotham City did Batman rescue?

2) What suit protects Batman from heat?

3) How did Batman capture The Joker?

Then complete the tie breaker in no more than fifteen words.

"I would like to create some Batman action with Kenner toys because....."

Then write your answers to the questions plus tie breaker on the back of a postcard along with your name and address and send to:

Batman Competition, Arundel House, 13-15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX.

Closing date for entries: 7th June 1991.

Plus

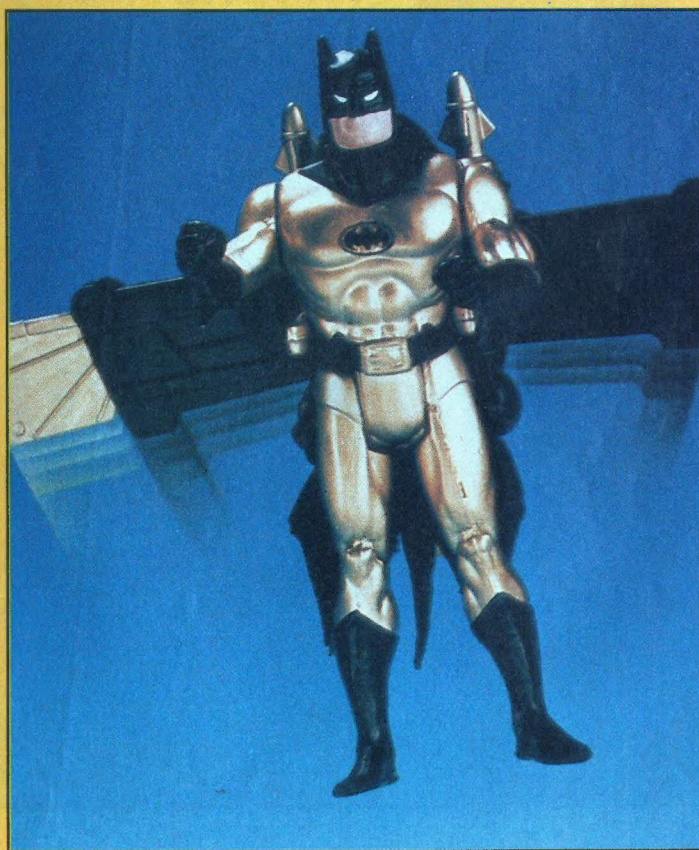
Free Batmobile™ Poster. If you would like to receive an exciting action poster of The Batmobile™ (420mm x 594mm) simply apply to: Batmobile Poster, PO Box 103, Burton Upon Trent, Staffordshire enclosing a **large stamped addressed envelope.** Allow 28 days for delivery.

Rules and Conditions

1. Closing date for receipt of entries 7th June 1991.
2. Winners will be notified within 2 weeks of the competition closing date.
3. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to: Batman Competition, Vicki West, IMP, 197 Knightsbridge, London SW7 1RP.
4. Damaged, defaced or illegal entries will be disqualified.

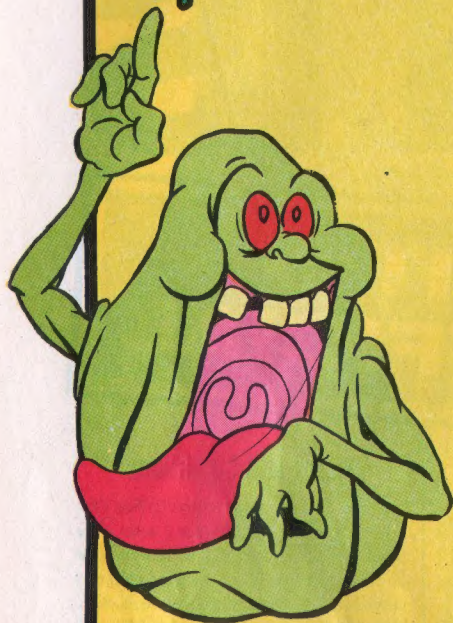
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Kenner



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What did the ghost writer say?
"I only write when the spirit moves me!"
— Mark Standlick, Bally Kelly

What did the monster say when he saw a sleeping man?
"Ah, breakfast in bed!"
— Luke Creedy, Derby

What kind of breakfast does Dracula eat in the winter?
Ready-neck!
— Andrew Davies, Runcorn

What do you call a monster with a car on its head?
Jack!
— Mark Flew and Simon Treadaway, Middlesex

What's green, slimy and travels down your nose at 125 miles per hour?
A Lamber-greeny!
— Andrew Martin, Devises

What is a ghostly sheep with no legs and head?
A cloud!
— Stephen Reed, Leeds



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To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week. Reserve it for collection*/ Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....



DEAD TRUE!



ampering with the remains of the dead is a risky business, and most people in their right minds would not dare to even attempt such a thing. However, sometimes ignorance can cause us to do things we later regret.

A farmer in America found an ancient skeleton in his new home, in Georgia, and decided to throw it into the lime kiln. The next thing he knew, strange things started to happen – doors slammed in the night, chairs flipped over and bells could be heard in the house. At first he put it down to neighbourhood pranks, but soon the incidents became hard to ignore. One day, the farmer's poor dog died after being thrown by an invisible force. Grotesque laughter and wailing came from all over the house; the farmer's daughter saw a

disembodied hand on her shoulder; and he himself saw the prints of a naked pair of feet appear in the mud outside. Guests at a dinner party held by the farmer were aghast to see a huge pool of blood forming on the white tablecloth from an unseen source, and this was the final straw for the family. They moved out soon afterwards.

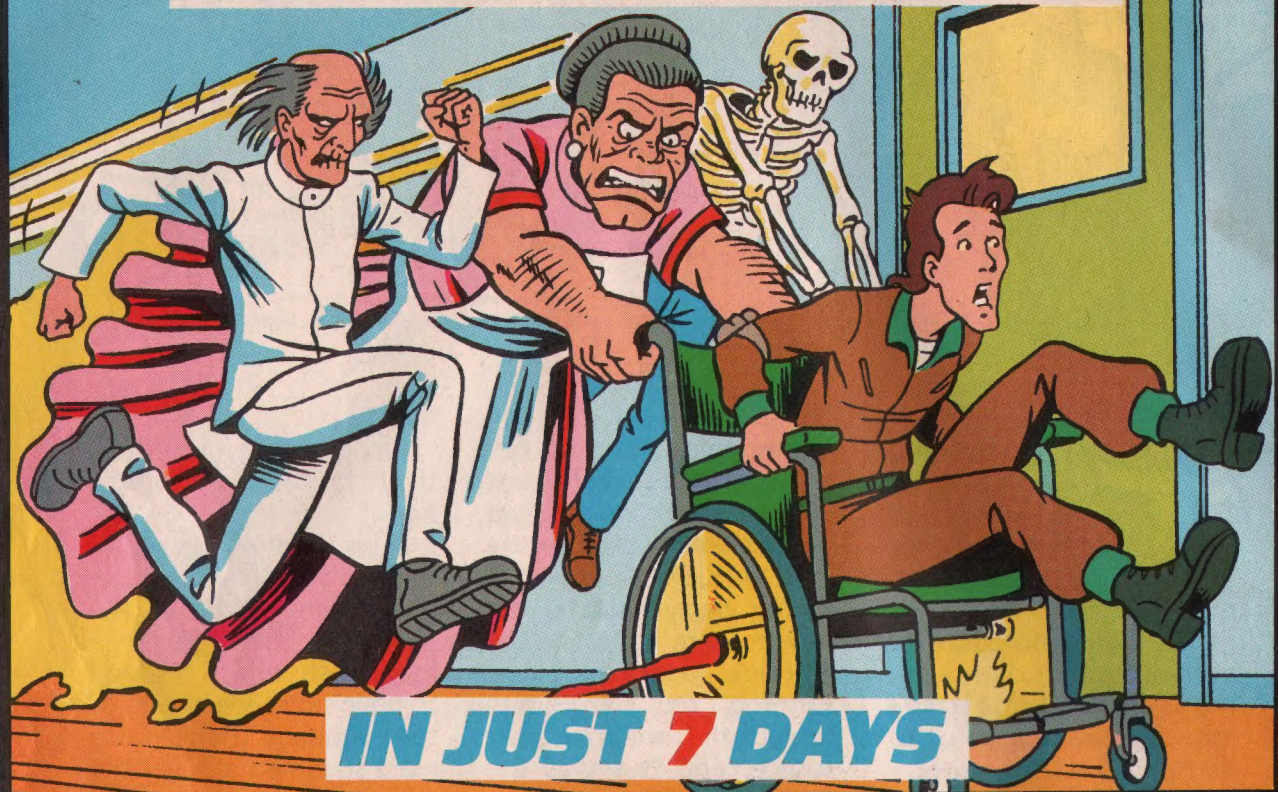
Another gruesome tale centres on an English mansion that was built by three sisters in the early 17th century. Shortly after moving in, the youngest sister, Anne, was attacked by robbers. She was taken home, but it was obvious she was dying. She made an incredible request of her sisters just before she died – she insisted that her head be buried within the walls of her cherished home. Although the sisters promised Anne that they would do this grisly deed, the idea was horrific to

them, and when she died, they buried her whole body!

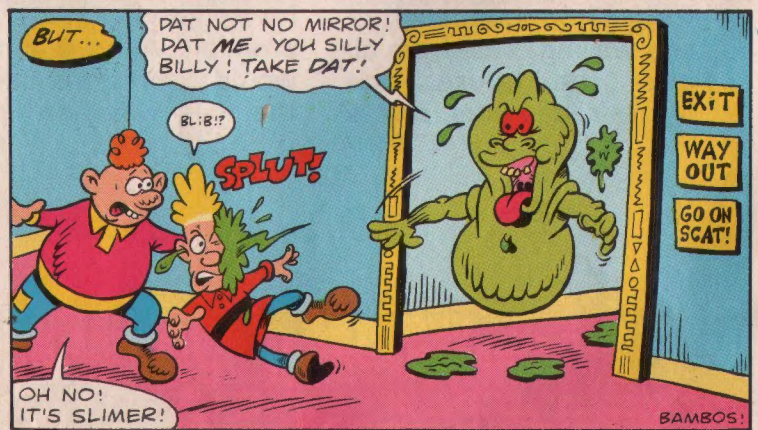
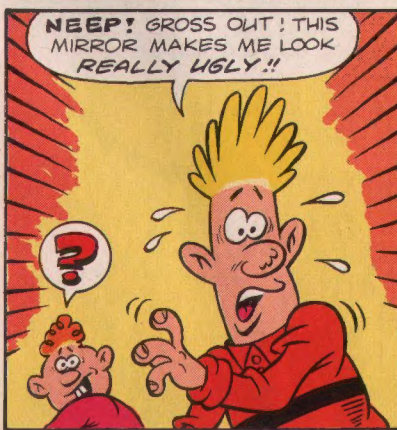
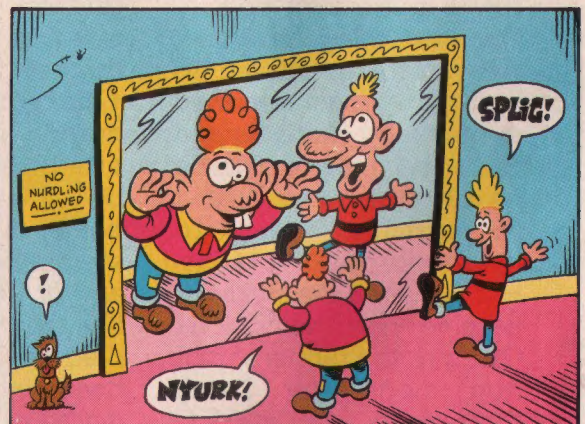
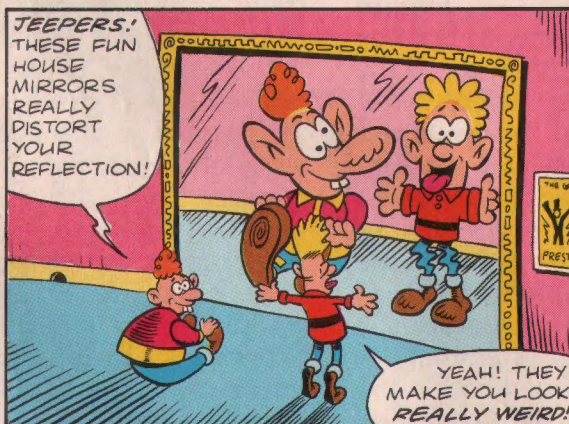
A week later, the noises started. Firstly, the household were woken in the middle of the night by a loud crash, which seemed to have no cause in one of the rooms. Then doors were slammed all over the mansion, and the horrendous sound of hoards of invisible beings rushing about, up and down the stairs, kept everyone frozen to their beds with fear.

The next day, the sisters opened Anne's grave with the permission of the local vicar, and were met by a ghastly sight – the skull had been removed and was grinning up at them! They took the skull into the mansion – and the terrible haunting stopped! Subsequent owners are told to leave the skull inside the house... or face the terrible consequences!

SURGICAL SPIRITS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS



EXIT
WAY OUT
GO ON SCAT!

BAMBOS!